

VOICE OF THE RESIDENTS

VOL. XXIX, No. 1

BROADMEAD, COCKEYSVILLE, MD.

September 2007

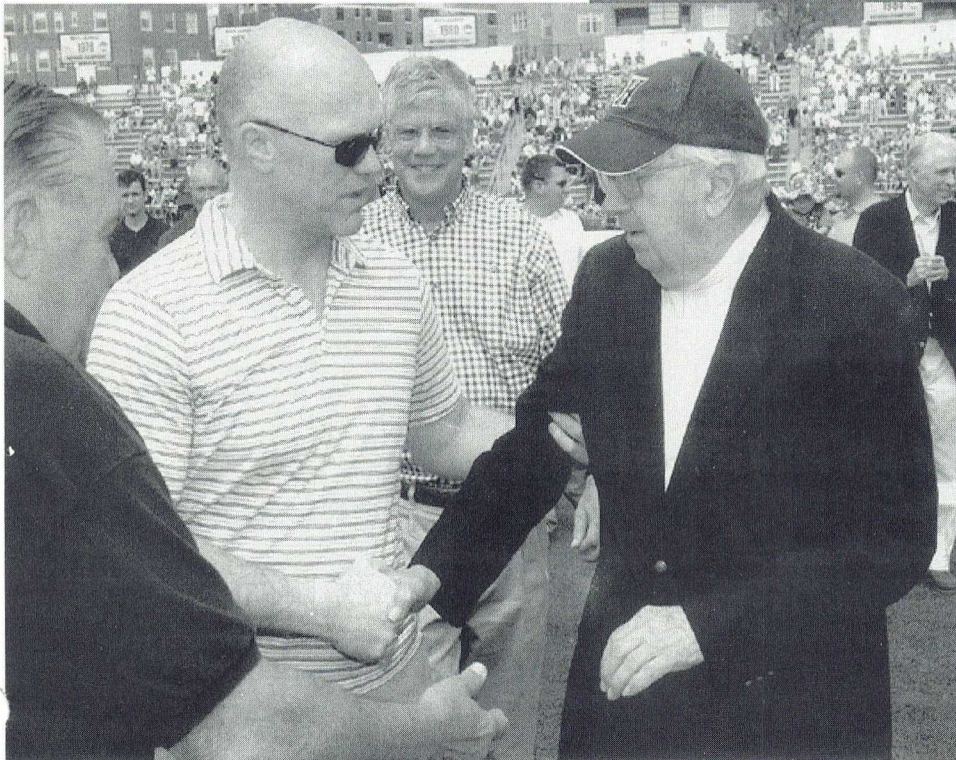
LACROSSE STAR !

Editor's note:

In April Lorne Guild received a letter from Thomas Calder, Director of Athletics at Hopkins, to join "all of the living members of the Hopkins All-Time Lacrosse Team" for a luncheon on May 5th, followed by a game with Loyola. In a note, Harriet Duncan described the event:

"He had a delicious lunch and, while he was enjoying the food, Bob Scott, ex Director of Athletics and Recreation brought many ex players to meet Lornie. Many he knew. One who came over on his own was Hank Kaestner, one of Broadmead's trustees. He was also included with about 400 others on the Hopkins All-Time Lacrosse Team.

"At half time they, with the exception of Lornie, were lined up on the field



and named. Much clapping and cheering! They then went back to their seats and Bob Scott and Tom Calder took Lornie out on the field. Bob said, 'We also have a Senior Citizen who is 96 years old to introduce.' Many wows and claps. Then Bob said, 'And he was on the 1932 Olympic Lacrosse Team!' and the place went up in roars and claps and shouts.

"Hopkins beat Loyola, so the day could not have been better for everyone there (except Loyola fans)."

At top, Lorne Guild acknowledges the cheers of the fans.

To the left, Lornie is greeted by admirers.

Photos courtesy of Hopkins

VOICE of the RESIDENTS

Volume XXIX, No. 1

September 2007

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The Broadmead Residents Association
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NEWLY ARRIVED
RESIDENTS

Timothy & Susan Baker	E-6	443-330-5612
Jeantte Brawner	G-2	410-527-5953
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Charles & Helen Lovelace	C-10	410-329-3377
Suzanne Schlenger	M-5	410-785-1101
Alma Smith	K-9	410-329-1199

IN MEMORIAM

Joan G. Rappeport
October 29, 1924 June 12, 2007

Charles L. Whittington
August 3, 1912 June 19, 2007

Katharine G. Sommers
May 15, 1916 June 24, 2007

Margaret B. Tylor
March 19, 1916 July 6, 2007

Herbert R. Hoopes
January 15, 1910 July 13, 2007

T. Edward Byerly
October 27, 1924 July 30, 2007

Anne C. Cromwell
June 28, 1930 August 4, 2007

Elizabeth R. Hilgenberg
July 8, 1906 August 5, 2007

Adelaide R. Silberstein
March 11, 1904 August 8, 2007

MOVING AROUND
BROADMEAD

	<u>From</u>	<u>To</u>
Ellen Bedford	E-1	HH-274
Marcia Evert	C-14	TH-308
Jeffrey & Grace Hazard	SR-102	HH-261
Bosley & Nellie Royston	SR-310	HH-269
Harry & Marjorie Scott	N-8	SR-310
Bob Sparks	A-11	HH-253
Virginia Sutton	R-14	HH-232

YOU ARE INVITED
TO ATTEND THE
ART SHOW
RECEPTION
FOR
GUEST ARTIST

Nancy Kiehne

Sunday, September 9th
4:00 to 6:00 p.m.
In the East Hall

Liz Jackson

MINI BARN SALE!

Sept. 14, 7:30 a.m.-12:30 p.m.

Furniture, Clothing, Handbags
and Christmas Decorations

Queen's Visit

By Bob Herrmann

The Queen had accepted an invitation from the President to visit the United States and stay at the White House. She was interested in CCRC's and had arranged to visit Broadmead during her trip since Broadmead had received an award as the best run CCRC in the nation.

In order to greet the Queen favorably, Broadmead had secured a horse and carriage, and obtained a period costume for Jean Mercer to wear as the driver. Jean picked up the Queen, who was traveling alone, except for her secretary, at the White House and brought her to Broadmead in time for Sunday lunch in the main dining room.

After she was seated the waitress asked the Queen what she would like to drink. The Queen replied, "A little red wine would be nice". Then the waitress said, "I'm sorry, but Broadmead is a Quaker organization and we don't serve wine." There was a moment of silence. Then she said "but we do have grape juice." The Queen's face lit up with a smile and she said, "How nice. I've never liked wine-it makes me dizzy. I drink it because it's expected of me, and I don't want to hurt the feelings of the vintners. Actually, I prefer grape juice and I would love to try the grape juice made from the famous Jarrettsville grapes."

The Queen had oysters Rockefeller, shad roe, and eggs Benedict with extra Hollandaise sauce for lunch, and LeRoy's famous strawberry shortcake with a dab of vanilla ice cream for dessert.

The Queen, who is an avid bridge fan, had heard about the great bridge players in the Broadmead bridge club, and asked if she could play a hand with them. They were delighted, of course, and set up a table in the recently completed Nature Room where uncaged wild birds flew. One of the birds was a parrot named "Ace". He liked to land on the shoulders of the bridge players and check their hands. If they held an ace he cocked his head and yelled, "Ace, ace, ace". During the game the Queen bid and made seven no trump, doubled and redoubled and vulnerable. By the time the game was finished it was 4:00 p.m. and time for the Queen to return to the White House for a reception by Madam President.

At 4:15 a pink helicopter arrived at the new Broadmead helicopter pad, piloted by Madam Presi-

dent's oldest son. The helicopter was the latest solar-powered model, made in Maryland by the O'Malley Helicopter Company. Since the Queen had been taking flying lessons, she was eager to test fly the new world famous solar-powered model and requested permission to do so. Arrangements were made to allow her to take over the controls when they reached an altitude of one hundred feet. The Queen climbed to the controls and at one hundred feet took over. She circled Holly house, swung over the rose garden, and then passed over the croquet court where the residents had assembled, wheelchairs, Amigos, walkers and all, to bid her farewell. She waved good-bye to everyone and then headed towards the White House to meet with Madam President.

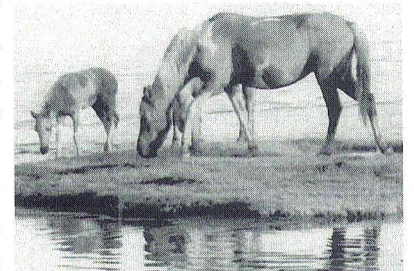
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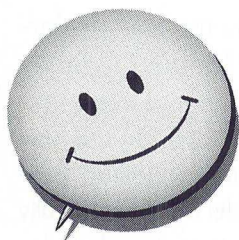
EVERGREEN ADVENTURE

By Anne Allen Dandy

Walter and I traveled with the Hopkins/ Evergreen Society to Chincoteague and Assateague Isles over the weekend of May 18th, 19th, and 20th. Permission had been obtained so that we could visit The National Wildlife Refuge. On the Virginia side we were thrilled to view a herd of wild ponies including at least seven mares with seven colts, all only a few weeks old. Our guide explained that she had purchased one mare at the annual sale and then given it back to roam free for life. "And there she is," she announced proudly pointing to a brown and white mare nursing an identical miniature.

Along the marshes we spotted the Great Blue Heron, the Snowy Egret, Piping Plovers, and Oyster Catchers. A high breeze and calm surf provided a restful boat venture on the Bay. A gentleman and his beautiful young accompanist entertained us in the evening with sea chanties. She played the Dulcimer, held in her lap, while he skillfully displayed his talent on a great variety of stringed instruments and an accordion, their voices blending, her lilting soprano occasionally soaring. It was a great treat to share such an experience.





BROADMEAD WELCOMES

By Betsy Griffin

Charles and Helen (Wildberger) Lovelace
C-10 329-3377

June 2007

Both the Lovelaces, native Baltimoreans, come to Broadmead from Loveton and many years in Baltimore County. Both attended Baltimore City Schools before he earned an engineering degree at Johns Hopkins. His education was interrupted by service in the Navy, but after his dismissal he began an engineering career with Koppers Company and retired from Crown Central Petroleum working with computers. Helen says she was a "domestic engineer" serving as a homemaker for their family of two sons and a daughter all of whom live not far away. They have five grandchildren. Helen has served as a volunteer at GBMC for years and she and Charlie particularly enjoy the hummingbirds at their feeder.

Alma (Volz) Smith (Mrs. Robert)
K-9 329-1199

June 2007

Alma is a Maryland native and has lived in Towson for 41 years. She attended Baltimore County Schools and was employed by the Baltimore County Public School System in administration at Greenwood. She is an active member of the Maryland Presbyterian Church and a member of their choir. She has a daughter living in Virginia, a son in Phoenix, Md., another son in Mt. Washington and six grandchildren. She is experienced in Tai Chi and is currently working in this art with our Jean Wilson.

Bob and Suzie (Hutcheson) Fetter
E-2 and E-7 785-1981

May 2007

Bob was born in Princeton, New Jersey, earned a degree in economics from Swarthmore College and served in the army before attending Harvard Business School. His long career in railroading began as a teenager when he worked during summers in the freight yards in Chicago and continued for fifty years with a number of railroads including the B&O, C&O, and Norfolk Southern in Baltimore, D.C. and Roanoke, Virginia until his retirement. Suzie was born in Pennsylvania and holds a bache-

lors degree from Goucher College and a masters degree in education from Johns Hopkins University. She taught briefly at Milford High School and the Roland Park Country School and when her children were grown she began work with the Baltimore City Home and Hospital Service, offered to sick children to prevent their falling behind in their school work. She also taught in their homes and volunteered as a literacy teacher. Bob and Suzie met when she was a student at Goucher and they both are active Quakers. Suzie was the clerk of the Stony Run Meeting in the early days of planning for Broadmead. They have a son in Takoma Park, Maryland and a daughter in Fairfield, Pennsylvania and four grandchildren. Reading and possibly volunteering are among their interests.

David & Ethel Rigotti

C-19

785-3855

May 2007

We welcome to Broadmead the Rigottis as almost newly weds each having had previous, marriages and families. David was born and raised by Italian parents in the small town of Messamer, Michigan. He earned a degree in chemical engineering from the Michigan Mining and Technical College and for four summers worked in underground mining (1000 feet under!) and played a trombone in his own small dance band. He was drafted into the Army before graduating from college and served in the S. Pacific before returning to his forty-year career doing research for the U.S. Army. His field included nuclear weapon testing, high power micro waves, high energy lasers, and then to guns, bullets and anti-tank coverings. He was married to his late wife for 52 years and has a son, a daughter and three grandchildren. Ethel is a Florida native but came to Baltimore as a child of eight. She worked for nine years in the aero-space industry before beginning a thirty-year career at Johns Hopkins in finance and administration with our Tom Barnes and Pat Graham. Sadly she lost her late husband 13 years ago. She has a son living in London with his family and a daughter in Baltimore who follows her mother's career in finance at Johns Hopkins Hospital. She has seven grandchildren and two great grandchildren. She has done extensive traveling and served as a minister of outreach for St. Matthews Lutheran Church in addition to working part time for Pat Graham here at Broadmead. She enjoys sewing, cooking and taking minutes.

GLEN COVE RAH!

By Colin MacLachlan

So you want to hear about the Glen Cove High 11 of '43, the team in the ratty red and green uniforms that never got beat - that won 'em all? They were the very best for a season of Saturdays and then they were gone. But, it was great while it lasted. I can see it all now - those milk-fed cheerleaders shaking their pom-poms as they hustled the meanest gang of tacklers that ever was onto the gridiron to the accompaniment of George Scott's big brass band pounding out a Sousa march from the stands above. From a distance they seemed a cheerleader's dream, a bandsman's delight - muscled, tough, wholesome, friendly. Up close it was a different matter.

There was Willie Pollitt at left end, a modest but murderous blocker, deadly quiet, whispered in monosyllables. Next to him was Chester Pierce, left tackle, biggest baddy of them all, smart. "Bambi" Martone at left guard, was an animal. "Gusto" Gribben, captain and center, was an Irishman without a sense of humor, mean. Next came "Farmer" Horan, right guard; he was fearless, but not too swift. Marci Martone at right tackle was a gentleman of the old school. He'd knock you down before he'd stomp you. Last on the line was Victor Ortiz at right end. Victor had the guts of a cat burglar... ended up as one. The back field was a wondrous celebration of speed, guile and smarts. "Baby" Fantry, the wing back, was a slippery speedster; sprung free he flew. John Cekala, the other halfback, never once fell backward when tackled. He wore glasses under protective goggles that steamed up and since he couldn't see much as a result, he just ran straight ahead usually over everyone in his way. Big "Bay" Fowler was the triple threat fullback-runner, kicker and passer. Bay had hands like serving platters. He could wrap his right hand around the ball and toss it 50 yards with ease and pinpoint accuracy into the waiting arms and outstretched hands of Pollitt or Fantry or Victor Ortiz. Squat Manny Gonzalez was the blocking back, drop kicker and place kicker. He was mean and ugly, a no-conscience guy. As the team's enforcer, he specialized in taking out the other side's tough guys early in the game before they could do substantial harm to our side. Coach was Lee Van Smith. He sported a wispy mustache, and a battered brown fedora that didn't sit quite right on his hairless, round, smooth head. Lee was partial to the single wing and winning big. He knew Glen Cove had a winner of a team from the very start. He had scouted them himself--watched them grow meaner and meaner. They were the best of the Orchard, the

Landing and Back Road Hill gangs. Usually they fought each other. The wonder is that Lee got them to fight together. The massacres started away from home - Great Neck. Cloudy day. Duck Donaldson led the other girls as they wiggled their way through a bunch of cheers about how "We gonna beat that team we gonna tan their hide" And, well, I guess we did: Glen Cove 39, Great Neck 0. Next was at home, Glen Cove 38, Southampton 0. Lawrence was third - the worst - Glen Cove 34, Lawrence 19. You see, they had one really fast kid with little low track shoes and it took time for Manny to catch and "decapitate" him. The next Saturday was dull: Glen Cove 12, Mineola 0 in the rain. Westbury led 7-6 at the half but couldn't keep it up and so they lost 26-7. Still they broke Bambi's nose so he cried - knocked Gusto out. Port Washington was a breeze: 47 to 0. For the regular season finale: Baldwin was served up and went down: Glen Cove 27- Baldwin 0. The score for seven games was: Glen Cove: 223, opponents: 26. This kind of record gets attention and so they matched Glen Cove with White Plains, also undefeated, a school about 10 times Glen Cove's size, on Thanksgiving Day. The White Plains team was good and for a time they had this real fast back. Once we slowed him down, well, Baby Fantry clattered up that icy field to within Manny Gonzalez's kicking range. Boom! Glen Cove went into the locker room at the half to a Sousa march three points to the good. White Plains retired to a lacing from their coach and the certain knowledge that they faced the mythical Southern New York State football championship title to boot. After that, Gusto made the All-Metropolitan team put together by The New York World Telegram and Chester Pierce, actually graduated. The tallest, heaviest man on the team at 6 feet, 4 inches, 220 pounds he went on to play football for part of a season at Harvard until the rowdy Virginia boys grabbed ahold of one of his legs and made a pretzel of it. He's now a professor. Bambi Martone was recruited by LSU and played with those rednecks and swamp rats. As for the other guys, remember it was 1943; there was a war on and so they went into the Armed Forces and, came out alive for the most part to play for the VFW Team or go to jail. Yours truly hung up the water bucket and left town while Howard Kempsall, the manager, was obliged to stop charting the exploits of the greatest team ever. GCHS ran out of games leaving only memories. That's it. Oh! Gusto married the beautiful blonde Evelyn Larsen who I never did get to mention because there were feelings I entertained for her that would have got us both in trouble. Duck Donaldson, to nobody's surprise, married Dickie Doran, the band's star trumpeter but that's another story. Oh! And the band played on.

WOMEN AND HEART ATTACKS (Myocardial infarction)

Editor's note: This article was sent to Peggy Taliafero from her uncle in France. It was condensed by our Barbara Carroll M.D.

Did you know that women rarely have the same dramatic symptoms men have when experiencing a heart attack?

"I had a completely unexpected heart attack at about 10:30 p.m. with **NO** prior exertion, **NO** prior emotional trauma that one would suspect might've brought it on. I was sitting in my recliner reading when a moment later, I felt an awful sensation of indigestion, and it felt like a golf ball was stuck in my esophagus. This was my initial sensation - the only trouble was that I hadn't taken a bite of anything since about 5:00 p.m.

"After that had seemed to subside, the next sensation was like little squeezing motions that seemed to be racing up under my sternum (breast bone). This fascinating process continued on into my throat and branched out into both jaws.

"AHA!! NOW I stopped puzzling about what was happening - we all have read and/or heard about pain in the jaws as being one of the signals of an MI happening, haven't we? I said aloud to myself and the cat "Dear God, I think I'm having a heart attack!"

"I pulled myself up with the arms of the chair, walked slowly into the next room and dialed the Paramedics. I told her I thought I was having a heart attack due to the pressure building under the sternum and radiating into my jaws. I didn't feel hysterical or afraid, just stating the facts. She said she was sending the Paramedics over immediately, asked if the front door was near to me, and if so, to unbolt the door and lie down on the floor where they could see me when they came in.

"I then laid down on the floor as instructed and lost consciousness, as I don't remember the medics coming in, their examination, lifting me onto a gurney or getting me into their ambulance, or hearing the call they made to St. Jude ER on the way, but I did briefly awaken when we arrived and saw that the cardiologist was already there in his surgical blues and cap, helping the medics pull my stretcher out of the ambulance. He was bending over me asking questions (probably something like "Have you taken any medications?") but I couldn't make my mind interpret what he was saying, or form an answer, and nodded off again, not waking up until the Cardiologist and partner had already threaded the teeny balloon up my femoral artery into the aorta and into my heart where they installed 2 side-by-side stents to

hold open my right coronary artery.

"I know it sounds like all my thinking and actions at home must have taken at least 20-30 minutes before calling the Paramedics, but actually it took perhaps 4-5 minutes before the call, and both the fire station and St. Jude are only minutes away from my home, and my cardiologist was already to go to the OR in his scrubs and get going on restarting my heart (which had stopped somewhere between my arrival and the procedure) and installing the stents.

"Why have I written all of this to you with so much detail? Because I want all of you who are so important in my life to know what I learned first hand."

1. Be aware that something very different is happening in your body - not the usual men's symptoms, but inexplicable things happening (until my sternum and jaws got into the act). It is said that many more women than men die of their first (and last) MI because they didn't know they were having one, and commonly mistake it as indigestion, take some Maa-lox or other anti-heartburn preparation, and go to bed, hoping they'll feel better in the morning when they wake up... which doesn't happen. My female friends your symptoms might not be exactly like mine, so I advise you to call the Paramedics if **ANYTHING** is unpleasantly happening that you've not felt before. It is better to have a "false alarm" visitation than to risk your life guessing what it might be!

2. Note that I said "Call the Paramedics". Ladies, **TIME IS OF THE ESSENCE!** Do **NOT** try to drive yourself to the ER...you're a hazard to others on the road, and so is your panicked husband who will be speeding and looking anxiously at what's happening with you instead of the road. Do **NOT** call your doctor -- he doesn't know where you live and if it's at night you won't reach him anyway, and if it's daytime, his assistants (or answering service) will tell you to call the Paramedics. He doesn't carry the equipment in his car that you need to be saved! The Paramedics do, principally **OXYGEN** that you need **ASAP**. Your Dr. will be notified later.

3. Don't assume it couldn't be a heart attack because you have a normal cholesterol count. Research has discovered that a cholesterol elevated reading is rarely the cause of a MI (unless it's unbelievably high, and/or accompanied by high blood pressure.) MI's are usually caused by long-term stress and inflammation in the body, which dumps all sorts of deadly hormones into your system to sludge things up in there.

Pain in the jaw can wake you from a sound sleep. Let's be careful and be aware. The more we know, the better chance we could survive!

SUPERMARKETS

BY Dick Hutzler

After many years on the west coast I returned to the east in 1973 and began spending more time in Pikesville than I had in decades. A result was that I became acquainted with the Giant supermarket that was "around the corner" from my apartment. I was so favorably impressed with it that, being an admittedly chauvinistic (but definitely secular) Jew, I became convinced that Giant must have been run by fellow "landsmen". Soon there was an article about Giant in a local periodical; it revealed that the head man of the company was - sure enough - one Izzy Cohen. Bull's-eye!

Come some 33 years later I get introduced to Wegman's. Everything about Wegman's is positive. For a number of years they've been known as one of the best companies in the country to work for. The merchandise is about as fine and comprehensive as one could ever expect in a supermarket. The staff is uncommonly friendly, courteous, helpful and cheerful. The store is spacious and well-kept. And, unlike virtually every other supermarket I've ever been in, they have the decency to provide public rest rooms right up front! Sally Bloomer, who grew up in Rochester, NY, whence Wegman's sprung, wrote a piece for the writers' group, telling of driving all of seven miles with her family, when she was a kid, to go to Wegman's in its era of sawdust-covered wood floors and marveling that today some lady thought little of coming all the twenty miles from Catonsville to go to the new store. But everything about the store makes the trip worth it. It is truly unique.

So who are these Wegmans? Might they, too, be Jewish? The name itself is a bit inscrutable; the only other Wegman I've known of is a photographer, William Wegman, who dresses up his Weimaraners in clothing and takes remarkable pictures of them in essentially human roles. The name Wegman has a German sound to it, which heightens the speculation. But I've never known anyone by that name or heard or seen the name listed in any Jewish group.

Nope. No bulls-eye this time! Not long after the Hunt Valley store opened, Mr. Robert Wegman, the family patriarch (but, of the third generation in the retail food business!) died, and it became quite clear that he (and thus presumably the family overall) was Catholic. Not surprisingly, Mr. Wegman was quite philanthropic, and apparently one of his favorite causes was Catholic education.

So much for my Jewish chauvinism!

HORSES AND ME

By Carolyn Underwood

When I was growing up, we lived most of the time in a town called National City, south of San Diego and north of another smallish town called Chula Vista. My mother and father rest there in a cemetery called Glen Abbey.

The things I liked to do most were reading, riding my bike, swimming, and horseback riding. There was a girl I knew who lived not far from me who had a horse. It was stabled on their property, and I would walk by there to school. Almost every day she rode past our house in her boots, jodhpurs, and hard hat. Oh, the envy I felt! To have a horse of my very own would be as near to heaven as I ever wanted to come.

There was a riding stable down near the bay where we could rent a horse for an hour for 50 cents. It was an unlikely place at the head of the Sweetwater River, between National City and Chula Vista which had been dried up for many years. There were riding paths surrounded by marsh grass and cattails. The horses were not very classy, and an English saddle was unheard of, but a western saddle had a knob to hold on to: not that a good horsewoman would do that, but I did because I was not yet a horsewoman and because I needed to because I was scared. I guess that was part of the thrill of horseback riding. I was never sure the horse would do what I wanted it to do, but when it did I felt very important. But horses are very unpredictable and skittish, and not very bright. These horses were trained to the saddle with not very much kindness; after I got on and kicked him in the ribs, he wouldn't budge, until the stableman gave him a whack on the rump. I always asked for a gentle horse, one which was not liable to act up. I didn't have boots or jodhpurs or a hard hat, but on a horse I felt at one with what I felt was his nobility. That's what I felt about horses - such a big animal, and yet to let me ride on his back and guide him with the reins. But when we came to the end of the trail and turned back toward the stable, there was no holding him back. He wanted to get to his oats or straw, a long drink of water, and rest. No matter how hard I pulled on the reins, he "felt his oats" and I could not deter him. A gallop was fun anyway, although a bit scary. And the smell of horse I'll never forget - a mixture of sweat and manure - a wonderful horsey smell.

Editor's note: Herewith we begin a new periodic feature of The Voice. Our librarians are eager to keep fellow residents informed of new accessions in the library.

BOOKS NEW TO THE BROADMEAD LIBRARY

By Library Staff

Broadmead readers: Here is just a sampling of the wonderful books recently added to our Library's collection (this list doesn't contain books of fiction, but a future one will).

Books are listed in order of call number, which is given at the end of each entry. Locations of call numbers and special collections may be found following the list. Some books below are not entirely new to Broadmead's collection, but are listed here because they appear in a significantly different or improved edition (e.g., illustrated, large print).

GENERAL

National Geographic Society. 2007. *Family Reference Atlas of the World*.

Oversize Ref AA.N27f

Merriam-Webster's Collegiate Dictionary. 2003.

Ref AD.E5me

Great Mysteries of the 20th Century. 1999.

Oversize AG243.G78

Goldhill, Simon, Barber, Richard, Rabb, Theodore K., & Glancey, Jonathan. *Wonders of the World*. 2006. Oversize AG243.W87.

Kenin, Richard, & Wintle, Justin (eds.). *The Dictionary of Biographical Quotations of British and American Subjects*. 1978. Ref AQD55

Gregory, R. L., & Zangwill, O. L. (eds.). *The Oxford Companion to the Mind*. 1987. Ref AS.P9o

RELIGION

Apocryphal New Testament: The Lost Books of the Bible. 1979. BS2832.A2

HISTORY

Clark, Kenneth. *Civilization: a Personal View*. 1969. Oversize CB68.C59

Hibbert, Christopher. *Cities and Civilizations*. 2003. Oversize CB151.H62

Bartlett, Robert (ed.). *Medieval Panorama*. 2001.

Oversize D117.M48

Brokaw, Tom. *An Album of Memories: Personal Histories from the Greatest Generation*. 2001. Oversize D811.B86a

Riley, Charles A. *The Jazz Age in France*. 2004. Oversize DC33.7.R57

Miller, Malcolm. *Chartres Cathedral*. 1997. Oversize DC801.C48m

Boardman, John, Griffin, Jasper, & Murray, Oswyn (eds.). *The Oxford History of the Classical World*. 1986. DE59.098.

Spivey, Nigel J., & Squire, Michael. *Panorama of the Classical World*. 2004. Oversize DE59.S76

Durando, Furio. *Ancient Greece: the Dawn of the Western World*. 1997. Oversize DF77.D94g

Mann, Vivian B. (ed.) *Gardens and Ghettos: the Art of Jewish Life in Italy*. 1989. Oversize DS135.G21

Thomas, Helen. *Thanks for the Memories, Mr. President: Wit and Wisdom from the Front Row at the White House*. 2002. E176.1.T45

Dershowitz, Alan M. *Chutzpah*. 1991. E184.J5d

Goodwin, Doris K. *Team of Rivals: the Political Genius of Abraham Lincoln*. 2005. E457.45.G65

Evans, Harold. *The American Century*. 1998. Oversize E741.E92

Eisenhower, Milton S. *The President is Calling*. 1974. E748.E36

Blumenthal, Sidney. *The Clinton Wars*. 2003. E885.B65

Nader, Ralph. *Crashing the Party: Taking on the Corporate Government in an Age of Surrender*. 2002. E889.N13

Olesker, Michael. *Journeys to the Heart of Baltimore*. 2001. Maryland Collection F176.B2ole

Ambrose, Stephen E. *Undaunted Courage: Meriwether Lewis, Thomas Jefferson, and the Opening of the American West*. 1996. F592.7.A49

Stone, Doris, & Clifford, Paul A. *Art of Costa Rica: pre-Columbian Painted and Sculpted Ceramics from the Arthur M. Sackler Collections*. 1985. Oversize F1545.3.P6a

GEOGRAPHY

Barracough, Geoffrey (ed.). *The Times Concise Atlas of World History*. 1982. Ref# G1030.T58

Hancock, Graham. *Fingerprints of the gods*. 1995. GN751.H23

SOCIAL SCIENCES

Carter, Jimmy. *Our Endangered Values: America's Moral Crisis*. 2005. HN90.C32

MUSIC

Weaver, William. *The Golden Century of Italian Opera from Rossini to Puccini*. 1980. Oversize ML1733.W36

FINE ARTS

Davidson, Marshall B. *The American Heritage History of Notable American Houses*. 1971. Oversize NA7205.D25

Ratcliff, Carter. *John Singer Sargent*. 1982. Oversize ND237.S24r

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Call number locations: Numbers from A through P are in the First Floor Library (windowed area off the Main Lounge); call numbers from Q through Z are in an open area of the Lower Level, next to the stairs. Reference books ("Ref") and books marked "Oversize" are in the Seminar Room on the Lower Level (room 060).

We are very grateful to the donors of these and the other books of the collection. (All books are gifts except for some recent large print or reference volumes.) We welcome new donations in good condition, but because of duplication, space limitations,

etc., not all books may be added to the collection; those that are not will be sold at the Barn Sale. We are sorry that (for time as well as space limitations) we cannot accept or dispose of outdated medical books or textbooks. You may leave books for the Library at the Reception Desk (first floor) or at the Library Work Room, by the Lower Level elevator (room 090); leave them outside if the door is closed.

CROATIAN VACATION

By Ruth S. Williams

There once were two ladies named Ruth
Who set out to regain their youth
With two folding canes
And assorted aches and pains
And a bottle of dry vermouth.

From early dawn to late sundown
They traveled through country and town
In Croatia and Slovenia,
Bosnia and Herzegovina,
And no one ever saw them frown.

So those two ladies named Ruth
May not have regained their youth,
But they had lots of fun
And their days in the sun
Plus that bottle of dry vermouth.

ACTUAL COURTROOM EXCHANGE

submitted by Jonas Rappeport:

Attorney: Did you check for blood pressure?

Witness: No.

Attorney: Did you check for breathing?

Witness: No.

Attorney: So, is it possible that the patient was alive when you began the autopsy?

Witness: No.

Attorney: How can you be so sure, Doctor?

Witness: Because his brain was sitting on my desk in a jar.

Attorney: I see, but could the patient have still been alive, nevertheless?

Witness: Yes, it is possible that he could have been alive and practicing law.

ANTI-AMERICANISM IN 2007

By Gretel Weiss

If someone had asked me before last night's lecture what the focus of the talk was going to be, I would have said, "Well, it's about anti-Americanism, so it must have something to do with the war in Iraq." The surprise was that although America's foreign policy since 9/11 played a part, there were other factors which contributed to it, factors which existed before 9/11 and which are more likely to be more persistent than disagreements about our foreign policy.

Our speaker at the June 28, 2007 Open Forum was Bruce Stokes, co-author with Andrew Kohut of *America Against the World. How We Are Different and Why We Are Disliked*. Mr. Stokes is the international economics columnist for the National Journal, a weekly public policy magazine read by decision makers. He was also a senior fellow at the Council of Foreign Relations and was a founder of World Watch Institute in Washington, among numerous other influential positions. He is a consultant to the Pew Global Attitude Project which has interviewed 110,000 in more than 50 countries over the last five years. The Kohut/Stokes book is the result of this far reaching research.

Mr. Stokes began his talk by pointing out that anti-Americanism is nothing new; it existed at various periods of our history, although it has been more serious lately. The Pew Global Attitude Project has been around since 2002 in its present form, and new data were released on June 27, a day before Mr. Stokes' talk. The in-depth interviews were conducted in the respondents' native languages, something that could not have been done two decades ago because no trustworthy research firms existed. The premise of the 2002 survey focused on globalization. Then there was 9/11: the event that turned the world upside down. The results of the 2002 survey was a "holy cow" moment; they were entirely unexpected. No one had anticipated the extent of anti-Americanism and the importance of values. Kohut and Stokes briefed the White House. They met with Carl Rove and Condoleezza Rice who considered the findings of no consequence. But President Bush said, "They don't like our values." There was a good deal of truth to it; anti-Americanism cannot all be blamed on our policies but also on our values.

Mr. Stokes then showed us the data which had been so surprising. The baseline data were from 2000, but the Pew data began in 2002. There was a

consistent drop in pro-Americanism both in Europe and in Muslim countries. Only 9% of Turkey's population liked Americans and only 1% of Jordan's. The dislike was deeper than public policies could explain, and the question is why do people feel that way? Does it matter, and why should we care, are legitimate questions. One of the surprising findings was that, in the past, people abroad may have been critical of the United States, but they liked the American people. Now they dislike Americans as people as well.

When it came to values, Mr. Stokes divided them into values which cannot be changed, values which can change depending on circumstances, and values which are misunderstood and which need to be explained. Americans like to be liked, but so far dislike by others has had no economic costs. We had always been the land of opportunity, but when respondents were asked where they would go if they had the choice, Canada and in some cases Japan was the choice.

The core values of American society are as follows: We are very patriotic, highly, optimistic (we think we control our destiny), and we are high believers in technology. Europeans and others differ on all these dimensions. We think that our decisions take other countries into consideration, but the rest of the world does not believe it. Another big difference is that we are more devout than any European country. In the United States more than 9 out of 10 believe in God, but only 50% of Germans do. Americans believe it is necessary to believe in God in order to be moral. Nowhere else does this link exist. We are more like Muslims than we are like Europeans as far as belief is concerned. At least it is interpreted differently and leads to anti-Americanism. Others also think that our religion drives our foreign policy. This is not the case except for Israel which has overwhelming American support. This has nothing to do with Jews; it has to do with biblical prophesy which is driven by evangelical Christianity.

In conclusion, anti-Americanism is deeper and broader than anticipated, which is due to American foreign policy and the war in Iraq, but also to the spread of American culture which undermines traditional culture as well as other values which differ from those in other countries. I found this analysis particularly interesting and challenging because it deals not only with public policy, important as it is, but also with American values, some of which we cannot change, others we might change, depending on the circumstances, and others which have to be explained.

THE END OF AMERICAN SINGLE POWER DOMINATION

By Gretel Weiss

Our Open Forum speaker on June 8, 2007 was Dr. Louis Cantori, Professor Emeritus of Political Science at the University of Maryland, Baltimore County. Dr. Cantori is a specialist on politics and development in the Middle East, and he has lived and done research in that part of the world. He has published four books and over sixty articles about Middle East politics and Islam. Thus Dr. Cantori brought in-depth knowledge to his presentation.

Professor Cantori pointed out that the normal structure of the Middle East is one of great complexity. When the cold war ended sixteen years ago, the United States stepped in and became a super power. As we are entering the end game in Iraq, we are returning to where we were before the cold war. The sixteen year period was divided between two leaderships. Clinton focused on creating peace in the region. At the same time Islamic resistance began. It was not yet a war on terror but resistance. In other words there were people who were beginning to change the status quo. Yet terrorism was already in mind, and 9/11 fell on fertile ground and found parts of the Islamic world prepared to make unilateral decisions. The United States' engagement in Afghanistan resulted in a degree of failure because the U.S. efforts shifted to Iraq.

The actual planning for the invasion of Iraq began in 1996 and included the conviction that Saddam Hussein had to be eliminated. Professor Cantori said that the neocons were beating the drum, and that Rumsfeld said that the enemy is not in Afghanistan but in Iraq. The invasion was carried out with a faulty policy, demonstrated by looting and permission to tear apart the infrastructure. At the end of a four year war, we now have the "surge", which, Dr. Cantori feels, is a military policy which makes more sense, but it is too little and too late. Concerning the intelligence and the prosecution of the war the Administration is hard put to identify the enemy. The truth is not acknowledged; it is a civil war. Another problem is that there is no political leadership in Iraq. It has been a civil war all along, but no one could conceive of that.

After four years of confusion, which includes

that of military leaders, we can ask ourselves what can we do. As we are reaching the point of the end game, we have to look at the region as a whole to see how the powers in the Middle East are emerging. One side is the United States and Israel. The United States is in a weakened political condition, and Israel is her major ally in the region. Israel, although the most powerful country, is now also in a weakened position. The European Union is on our side, but its support is very low, and Egypt is opposed to American policy. On the other side there is Iran, and the U. S. is using its influence to negotiate with Iran as well as with Syria. Hezbollah and Hamas are operating as allies of Iran, and the Shiites and the Sunnis are co-operating with one another under Iran's umbrella. Last July Hamas captured some Israeli soldiers. Israel had to react, a crisis resulted, and Israel invaded Lebanon.

All Islam countries are becoming more equal to one another. Hamas is fighting a two-front war with rocket attacks against Israel and war with Fata. There is improved effectiveness of guerrilla forces. American policy has to be scaled down; it has to stabilize and adjust to reality.

Professor Canton answered and discussed many questions from the audience, too numerous to list here. One discussion was about the appointment of General Luce as a military czar, the person to stage the end game. General Case's position is not renewed as head of the Joint Chiefs of Staff. There will be a September assessment of the situation in Iraq. If General Luce speaks frankly, his report is likely to be a moment of truth.

MY SECRET SPOT

By Lucille Brandt

I've found a spot I call my own.
I realize that it's just on loan.
But I will claim it while I may.
I know I'm not here to stay

On sunny days it gives me shade
While neighbors pass in a parade.
Some stop to have a little talk.
Before continuing on their walk.

How pleasantly the time does fly,
As peacefully my world goes by.
And while the joy of friendship flows,
My satisfaction grows and grows..

*Flo Rice Dunlop's agency asked her to write a poem
about the Virginia school massacre.*

HELL-FIRE

Reality: time passing, familiar,
predictable, comfortable.

We breathe to the rhythm, content.

Then Suddenly!

One event! Alien! Unbidden! Hostile!

Shatters the sequence!

Disrupts the peace!

Our world shudders - - - stops.

Breath freezes on lips without words.

Shock and denial cloud reason.

Grief engulfs, its swift tide a threat.

And yet ---and yet ---

Some small residue remains: of strength,
of hope, faith, even wisdom.

Slowly we remember our God; our families,
all of the others.

We bend, still in grief; now in prayer, in acceptance.

We reach out, empowered I.

Our hands touch, we embrace

We rise again: to give, to receive, to love to 'live'.

Undefeated!

OPEN FORUM

By Sonia Blumenthal

In the Auditorium 7:00 p.m.

Thursday, September 6th

**"ISSUES AND POLITICS
IN TODAY'S MARYLAND"**

Governor Robert L. Ehrich, Jr.

Thursday, September 20th

**"FROM THE FRONT LINES OF
HEALTH CARE AND INSIDE
THE LEGISLATURE"**

Delegate Dan K. Morhaim, M.D.

The only Physician in
the Maryland House of Delegates

MEMORY

By Sam Legg

Old folks complain about loss of memory. Traditionally, it's short- term memory that lets us down most. That's why it's so common for us to tell the same old stories from our youth; the long-term memory is intact, but the last five times we told those stories are gone - to the regret of our listeners. But, living as we do, in the intimacy of a quasi-family environment, we have a special memory problem: names.

I've lived here 20 years. In that time I have come to know many of my fellow residents. Well. I know your personal history, your likes and dislikes, your interests. I know, and I like you. But when I

meet you in the hall, I do not remember your name.

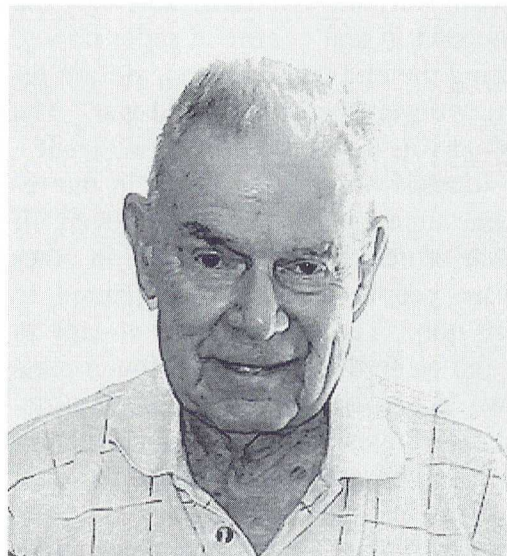
A c -
cording to me, I am the most afflicted with this problem.

A c -
cording to my fellow residents, each of them

is. OK, let's not fight about it; we can't all be Jean Mercer or Ellen Roller, dammit. So what to do?

I meet a lot of people going back and forth on this property. We greet each other. Too often, they salute me by name. This is embarrassing, as all I can say in return is "hello", or "hi". I study those wonderful picture biographies in the lounge and immediately forget what I've learned. I ask friends to name the person I'm pointing at (unobtrusively, I hope). They tell me and I say, "Oh yes, of course," and three minutes later the name is gone.

My plea, dear friends, is that you try to forgive me (and some others). I love you dearly and would like to show it. But how many explanations, intonations and affirmations can you get into the word "hello?"





BROADMEAD MOVIES

Tuesday Movies by
Gretel and Leo Weiss
Saturday Movies by
Jeanne Stephenson,
Betty Douglas and
Linda King

September 1 **ON THE WATERFRONT**
1959 108 minutes NR
Academy Award-winning film about a dock-side worker and ex-prizefighter who heroically goes up against his corrupt labor leaders to expose the unions criminal practices. This film won eight Academy Awards. Starring Marlon Brando, Karl Malden and Eva Marie Saint.

September 4 **THE BRIDGE TO TERABITHIA**
2007 96 minutes PG
New classmate, Leslie Banks unlocks a world of fantasy and imagination for fifth grader Jessie Aaron. An adventure based on Katherine Peterson's best-selling book.

September 11 **THE FAST RUNNER**
2002 172 minutes R
In this Cannes Festival award winner two Inuit brothers struggle to save their nomadic tribe from evil.

September 18 **LAST ORDERS**
2001 109 minutes NR
A group of old friends get together following the death of a London butcher whose last wish was for all to go on a road trip to deliver his ashes to the sea. As they make this trip they have memories of the times they spent together.

September 25 **SENSE AND SENSIBILITY**
1995 137 minutes PG
Based on the Jane Austen novel, this Academy Award-winning tale of 19th century etiquette and ethics chronicles the troubles and triumphs of the marriage-minded Dashwood sisters, sensible Elinor (Emma Thompson) and romantic Marianne (Kate Winslet).

September 29
2006

95 minutes

VENUS
R

This romantic comedy stars Richard O'Toole as Maurice, a veteran actor whose quiet golden years turn topsy-turvy when he falls for a very young and brash nude model. It is a poignant May-December romance an uplifting tale of love, lust, and the endless pursuit of vitality and youth by a man whose life is drawing to a close.

SATURDAY PROGRAMS

In the auditorium at 7:00 p.m.

By Margaret Proctor

September 8th

"LAND AND PRESERVA- TION IN BALTIMORE COUNTY"

WALLACE LIPPENCOTT, JR

Director of Department of Environ-
mental Protection Agency, Baltimore
County

September 15th

"WEDGEWOOD'S PATRONS FROM CATHERINE THE GREAT TO JOHN BRINGHURST"

**DIANA EDWARDS
MURNAGHAN**

Ceramic, Historian, Author, Curator,
Arts Consultant

September 22nd

BALTIMORE PAINTED FURNITURE, 1800 TO 1830

GREGORY R. WEIDMAN

Author, Historian, Lecturer,
Curator, Historic Hampton

MUSIC EVENTS

By Phil Schnering

Saturday,
September 8th at 2:00 p.m.

DOUBLE PLAY

Flutes and Tuba

Husband and wife

(and seeing eye dog for the husband).

They have been with us before and present
a great program of easy listening music
(note time and Saturday date)

*

Thursday

September 13th at 7:00 p.m.

LET'S SING

With Herb Merrick at the piano

The start of a new season

**All Welcome*

In the Auditorium

LET'S DANCE

By Ted Wilson

With the

George Hipp Trio

Everyone welcome to dance
or just to enjoy the music.

Monday September. 10th at 7:00 pm

In the Lounge



*OPERA

By Harry Blumenthal

Video Opera

Friday, September 28th 7 p.m. .the Auditorium

"FIDELIO"

BY

LUDWIG van BEETHOVEN

Royal Opera, Covent Garden

Opera in two acts

Beethoven's only opera,

the theme of love and liberty

win over the forces of evil and oppression

{124 minutes}.

FRIENDS MEETING FOR WORSHIP

Sundays at 11:00 a.m.
Stony Run Board Room

*

All Are Welcome

WEDNESDAY WORSHIP AT BROADMEAD

1st Wednesday every month at 10:30 a.m.

EPISCOPAL COMMUNION

Taylor East Lounge - 3rd floor

Sponsored by Sherwood Episcopal Church
York Road, Cockeysville

2nd Wednesday every month at 10:00 a.m.

CATHOLIC MASS

Taylor East Lounge - 3rd floor

Sponsored by the Catholic Community of
St. Francis Xavier, Cuba Road, Hunt Valley

3rd Wednesday every month at 10:30 a.m.

PRESBYTERIAN COMMUNION

Stony Run Activities Room - 3rd floor

Sponsored by Ashland Presbyterian Church
Ashland Road, Cockeysville

BIBLE STUDY

By Fran Beasley

THE REVEREND PATRICA DROST
Immanuel Episcopal Church

Thursday, 13th at 10 a.m.

HITHER, THITHER AND YAWN

with Foxy Georgia

Well, old Dears, have ya missed me? ..sure has been a busy summer, what with all the doing's, coming's, and going's, and some went on, despite the heat and no rain.. Lemme give ya few gardening hints that could turn ya thumbs green.. Dja know that coffee grounds, ground up egg shells and banana peels are so-o-o- good for your plants? Just dig this mess in and watch those plants smile.. The banana skins are loaded with potassium and do the roses love it!! The super gal Jo Booze kept the roses watered while Ted Wilson went north. The flowers gals must already know this stuff...just look at what Bea Post, Bettie Byerly, Barbara Smith and Fleecy Platt arrange for us, real Garden Club of America creations and Peggy Taliaferro keeps those flowers in the MDR vases look mighty pretty. Bunny Knipp has produced a veritable English Garden, slugs and all.. Can't begin to mention all the posy ladies, but you betcha we all enjoy their efforts.. Thank you, thank you.. While they were laboring daily for our pleasure, 15 gadabouts hopped on the Goucher bus headed for a week in Chautauqua.. Learned all about China and India and how to spell Chautauqua...and best of all, Mahatma Ghandi's grandson was one of the speakers. Mal Sherman kept us cheered on the bus, hawking ice cold drinks. Margaret Cooke faithfully took in all the lectures along with the rest of the gang... Barbara Smith figured out the towel folding technique in the hotel, Sally Crosby and Margaret Proctor celebrated their birthdays, Ginny Cooley and Theo Easter and Theo's great cousin Acshah from Charlottesville, Merrill Hambleton, Joan Tapley and us-all went on a boat ride on the lake, and Mary Jo Campbell identified the birds. Mary Frances Wagley and Barbara Vosburgh hit the book stores and our loyal alum Dottie Krug is gonna put us all to shame when she sports the fancy sweater she ordered.. Can't wait to see it, Dottie!! found out that Chautauqua is an Indian word which means bag tied in the middle. It refers to the shape of the lake, but also could describe some others...no names. Didja miss us while we were gone?

We sure do miss Fran and Pete Peterson, Suie and John McShane, Nancy and Doug Warner, Carol McCord...gone for the summer. And others who journeyed away, our mighty editor, Fran Beasley off to Nantucket... Liz Jackson hit the island too, the Ruths, William and Bronstein and Ellen Williams off to Croatia...separately...Lynn Buck, Sally Bloomer, Eli Freedman and Bob Morrison journeyed to the far reaches of Pennsylvania and New York State, while Bill Eddison went all the way to Maine

and the new residents, Elizabeth and Bob Fetter went to the Greek Festival on Shawan Road, and found the way home with no trouble. It was mighty hot over there too!. But the triple A award went to Rich Compton who tripped to Malta, and Gozo, those ancient and fascinating islands and told us all about it, and Margaret Proctor wore her tee shirt from the University of Malta..

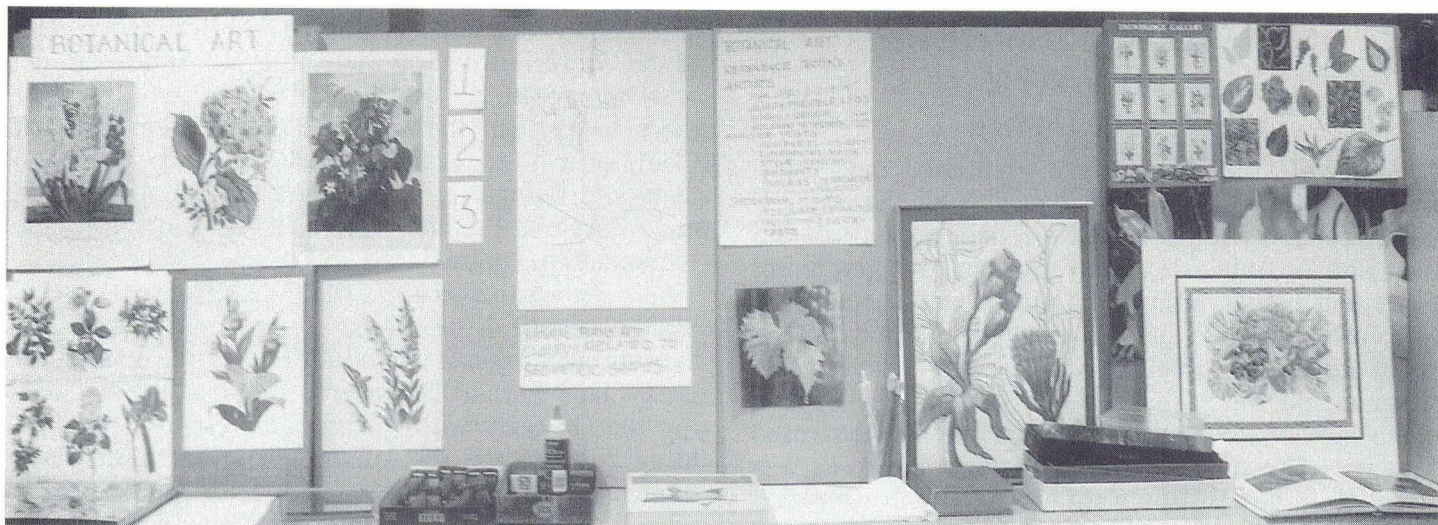
Now...thanks to Linda Chick, we are blessed with a beautiful, new bus, all new and comfy and everything works...a splendid ribbon cutting with our prexy Jane Earhart cutting the ribbons and christening the Odyssey with "sham-pain".(known as sparkling cider to the rest of us). The committee was treated to the opening ride with Jean Mercer at the wheel. Whatta wonderful way to begin our travel season!!

T'aint all play. Had a mini barn sale and the sight to see was the guys constructing the remarkable wooden bed, which arrived in slat form. John Robbins, Ed Marsh, Dwight Hastings and one of the maintenance guys all got in each others way trying to put it all together. Made me so nervous, hadda get a breath of air...

Lot of us have had fun with Brain Aerobics. with Chuck Warnke.. the leader.. full of funny questions and ideas on how to exercise the other side of the brain...told us to take one day a week to do everything with the other hand. Try to brush your teeth with your left hand!! Bob Herrmann wrote a fanciful tale about Queen Elizabeth visiting Broadmead.. talk about using the other side of your brain!! Playing board games: Marie Ewing and Fan Whitman played backgammon, Lorne Guild and Peg Brian played bingo, and undaunted, Bob Hermann played Scrabble....and speaking of games the glass case gals have done it again...an intriguing display of cards, mah-jong set,. golf club, tiddly-winks...great work, Nancy Boyce and your ever resourceful committe.. Want to get in a plug for the country store...you can get those plastic card holders there. .

Those of us who hit the Beauty Saloon will miss Shirley! She operated daily for lo these many years. We all aren't naturally gorgeous. However, welcome Debbie!! Happy to have you in Miracle Corner...

Just gotta bring ya up- to-date on the fashions here with a "Cain you are Abel, Seth" Nancy Swierk. Sally Crosby's hand carved African cane, Weezie Davis's cane filled with trinkets galore, and a comfy handle, Ruth Williams' collapsible cane, with cats, Kim Englar has a stunning gold and black number, and another floral one, as does Dottie Krug. Lehman Guyton's stylish walking stick. Just keep your eyes peeled. kiddos. This is where it's at. This is just a snippet of all we are up to...guess you've had nuff.



The Voice herewith begins a more-or-less regular back page feature of glimpses of our variety of activities. We begin with Liz Jackson's *Art 101*.

Currently Art 101 is doing botanical drawings of flowers from the gardens of Broadmead, even using a magnifying glass to explore the intricacies of the blossoms. Ultimately they will create a watercolor composition from their sketches.

Photos by Dick Hutzler



Broadmead

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